

THE MINERVA.

GET WISDOM, AND WITH ALL THY GETTING, GET UNDERSTANDING.—PROVERB OF SOLOMON.

No. 51.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 27, 1824.

VOL. II.

POPULAR TALES.

FROM THE FRENCH, GERMAN, ITALIAN,
SPANISH, AND ENGLISH.

Truth severe, by fiction dressed.—GAY.

MONS. DU F—;

OR, THE VICTIM OF A PARENT.

ANTOINE Augustine Thomas du F—, eldest son of the baron du F—, counsellor of the parliament of Normandy, was born on the 15th of July, 1750. His early years were embittered by the severity of his father, who was of a disposition that preferred the exercise of domestic tyranny to the blessings of social happiness, and chose rather to be dreaded than beloved.

The baron's austerity was not indeed confined to his son, but extended to all his dependants. Formed by nature for the support of the ancient government of France, he maintained his aristocratic rights with unrelenting severity, ruled his feudal tenures with a rod of iron, and considered the lower order of people as a set of beings whose existence was tolerated merely for the use of the nobility. The poor he believed, were only born for suffering; and he determined, as far as in him lay, not to deprive them of their natural inheritance. If it were the great purpose of human life to be hated, perhaps no person ever attained that end more completely than the baron du F—.

His son discovered early a taste for literature, and received an education suitable to his rank and fortune. As he advanced in life, the treatment he experienced from his father, became more and more intolerable to him, as, far from inheriting the same character, he possessed the most amiable disposition, and the most feeling heart. His mother, feeble alike in mind and body, submitted with the helplessness, and almost with the thoughtlessness, of a child, to the imperious will of her husband. Their family was increased by two more sons and two daughters; but these children, being several years younger than Mons. du F—, were not of an age to afford him the consolations of friendship; and the young man would have found his situation intolerable, but for the sympathy of a person, in whose society every evil was forgotten. This person, his attachment to whom has tinged the colour of his life, was the youngest of eight children, of a respectable family of Bourgeois at Rouen. There is great reason to believe that her father was descended from the younger branch of a noble family of the same name, and bearing the same arms. But, unhappily, some links were wanting in this chain of honourable parentage. The claim to nobility could not be traced to the entire satisfaction of the baron; who, though he would have dispensed with any moral qualities in favour of rank, considered obscure birth as a radical stain, which could not be wiped off by all the virtues under heaven. He looked upon marriage as merely a convention of interest, and children as a property, of which it was reasonable for parents to make the most in their power.

The father of Mademoiselle Monique C— was a farmer, and died three months before the birth of this child; who, with seven other children, was

educated with the utmost care by their mother, a woman of sense and virtue, beloved by all to whom she was known. It seemed as if this respectable woman had, after the death of her husband, only supported life for the sake of her infant family, from whom she was snatched by death, the moment her maternal cares became no longer necessary; her youngest daughter Monique, having, at this period, just attained her twentieth year. Upon the death of her mother, Monique went to live with an aunt, with whom she remained only a very short time, being invited by Madame du F—, to whom she was well known, to come and live with her as an humble companion, to read to her when she was disposed to listen, and to enliven the sullen grandeur of the chateau, by her animating vivacity.

This young person had cultivated her excellent understanding by reading, and her heart stood in no need of cultivation. Mons. du F— found in the charms of her conversation, and in the sympathy of her friendship, the most soothing consolation under the rigour of parental tyranny.

He had been taught, by his early misfortunes, that domestic happiness was the first good of life. He had already found, by experience, the insufficiency of rank and fortune to confer enjoyment; and he determined to seek it in the bosom of conjugal felicity. He determined to pass his life with her whose society now seemed essential not only to his happiness, but to his very existence. At the solemn hour of midnight, the young couple went to a church, where they were met by a priest, whom Mons. du F— had made the confidant of his attachment, and by whom the marriage ceremony was performed.

Some time after, when the situation of his wife obliged Mons. du F— to acknowledge their marriage to his mother, she assured her son that she would willingly consent to receive his wife as her daughter, but for the dread of his father's resentment. Madame du F—, with tears of regret, parted with Monique, whom she placed under the protection of her brothers: they conducted her to Caen, where she was soon after delivered of a son.

The baron du F— was absent while these things were passing: he had been suspected of being the author of a pamphlet written against the princes of the blood, and an order was issued to seize his papers, and conduct him to the Bastille; but he found means to escape into Holland, where he remained nearly two years. Having made his peace with the ministry, he prepared to come home; but before he returned, Mons. du F— received intelligence that his father, irritated almost to madness by the information of his marriage, was making application for a lettre de cachet, in order to confine his daughter-in-law for the rest of her life; and had also obtained power to have his son seized and imprisoned. Upon this Mons. du F— and his wife fled with precipitation to Geneva, leaving their infant at nurse near Caen. The Genevois seemed to think, that the unfortunate situation of these strangers gave them a claim to all the offices of friendship.

Meanwhile the baron, having discovered the place of his son's retreat, obtained, in the name of the king, permission

from the cantons of Berne and Friburg to arrest them at Lausanne, where they had retired for some months. The wife of Le Seigneur Baillif secretly gave the young people notice of this design, and on the 30th of January, 1775, they had just time to make their escape, with only a few livres in their pockets, and the clothes in which they were dressed. Mons. du F—, upon his first going to Switzerland, had lent thirty louis to a friend in distress. He now, in this moment of necessity, desired to be repaid, and was promised the money within a month: meantime, he and his wife wandered from town to town, without finding any place where they could remain in security. They had spent all their small stock of money, and were almost without clothes: but at the expiration of the appointed time the thirty louis were paid, and with this fund Mons. and Madame du F— determined to take shelter in the only country which could afford them a safe asylum from persecution, and immediately set off for England, travelling through Germany, and part of Holland, to avoid passing through France.

They embarked at Rotterdam, and after a long and gloomy passage, arrived late at night in London. A young man, who was their fellow-passenger, had the charity to procure them a lodging in a garret, and directed them where to purchase a few ready-made clothes.

Mons. du F— endeavoured to obtain a situation in a school, to teach the French language; but before such a situation could be found, his wife was delivered of a girl. Not having sufficient money to hire a nurse, he attended her himself. At this period they endured all the horrors of absolute want. Unknown and unprotected, without help or support, in a foreign country, and in the depth of a severe winter, they almost perished with cold and hunger. The unhappy mother lay stretched upon the same bed with her new-born infant, who in vain implored her succour, want of food having dried up that source of nourishment. The woman, at whose house they lodged, and whom they had for some weeks been unable to pay, after many threatenings, at length told them that they must depart the next morning. Madame du F— was at this time scarcely able to walk across her chamber, and the ground was covered with snow. They had already exhausted every resource; they had sold their watches, their clothes, to satisfy the cravings of hunger; every mode of relief was fled, every avenue of hope was closed, and they determined to go with their infant to the suburbs of the town, and there, seated on a stone, wait with patience for the deliverance of death. With what anguish did this unfortunate couple prepare to leave their last miserable retreat. Early in the morning of that fatal day, when they were to leave their last sad shelter, Mons. du F— went out, and, in the utmost distraction of mind, wandered through some of the streets in the neighbourhood. He was stopped by a gentleman whom he had known at Geneva, and who told him that he was then in search of his lodgings, having a letter to deliver to him from a Genevois clergyman. Mons. du F— opened the letter, in which he was informed by his friend, that fearing he might be involved in difficulties, he had

transmitted ten guineas to a banker in town, and entreated Mons. du F— would accept that small relief, which was all he could afford, as a testimony of friendship. Mons. du F— flew to the banker's, received the money as the gift of heaven, and then, hastening to his wife and child, bade them live a little longer.

A short time after, he obtained a situation as French usher at a school; and Madame du F—, when she had a little recovered her strength, put out her infant to nurse, and procured the place of French teacher at a boarding-school. They were now enabled to support their child, and to repay the generous assistance of their kind friend at Geneva. At this period they heard of the death of their son, whom they had left at Caen.

Mons. and Madame du F— passed two years in this situation, when they were again plunged into the deepest distress. A French jeweller was commissioned by the baron du F— to go to his son, and propose to him conditions of reconciliation. This man told Mons. du F— that his father was just recovered from a severe and dangerous illness, and that his eldest daughter had lately died. These things, he said, had led him to reflect, with some pain, on the severity he had exercised towards his son; that the feelings of a parent were awakened in his bosom; and that if Mons. du F— would throw himself at his father's feet, and ask forgiveness, he would not fail to obtain it, and would be allowed a pension, on which he might live with his wife in England. In confirmation of these assurances, this man produced several letters which he had received from the baron to that effect; who, as a farther proof of his sincerity, had given his agent seven hundred pounds to put into the hands of Mons. du F— for the support of his wife and child during his absence. The agent told him, that he had not been able to bring the money to England, but would immediately give him three drafts upon a merchant of reputation in London, with whom he had connexion in business; the first draft payable in three months, the second in six, and the third in nine.

Mons. du F— long deliberated upon these proposals. He knew too well the vindictive spirit of his father, not to feel some dread of putting himself into his power. But his agent continued to give him the most solemn assurances of safety; and Mons. du F— thought it was not improbable that his father's death might have softened the mind of his father. The result of these deliberations was, that Mons. du F— determined to confide in his father.

Mons. du F— arrived at his father's Chateau in Normandy, in June 1778, and was received by Mons. le Baron, and all his family, with the most cordial and dignified welcome. In much exultation of mind he dispatched a letter to Madame du F—, containing this agreeable intelligence; but his letter was far from producing in her mind the effect he desired. A deep melancholy had seized her thoughts, and her foreboding heart refused to sympathize in his joy. Short, indeed, was its duration. He had not been many days at the chateau, when he perceived, with surprise and consternation, that his steps were continually watched by two servants, armed with fuses.

His father now showed him an arrest, which he had obtained from the parliament of Rouen against his marriage. The baron then ordered his son to accompany him to his house at Rouen, whither they went, attended by several servants. That evening, when the attendants withdrew after supper, the baron, entirely throwing off the mask of civility and kindness, which he had worn in such opposition to his nature, reproached his son in terms of the utmost bitterness, for his past conduct, inveighed against his marriage; and after having exhausted every expression of rage and resentment, at length suffered him to retire to his own apartment.

There the unhappy Mons. du F—, absorbed in the most gloomy reflections, lamented in vain that fatal credulity which had led him to put himself in the power of his implacable father. At the hour of midnight his meditations were interrupted by the sound of feet approaching his chamber; and in a few minutes the door was thrown open, and his father, attended by two servants armed, and two officers of justice entered the room. Resistance and supplication were alike unavailing. Mons. du F—'s papers were seized; a few louis d'ors, which constituted all the money he possessed, were taken from him; and he was conducted, in the dead of the night to St. Yon, a convent used as a place of confinement near Rouen, where he was thrown into a dungeon.

A week after, his father entered the dungeon. He considered that such was his son's attachment to his wife, that, so long as he believed he had left her in possession of seven hundred pounds, he would find comfort from that consideration, even in the depth of his dungeon. His father, therefore, hastened to remove an error from the mind of his son, which left the measure of his woes unfilled. Nor did he choose to yield to another the office of inflicting a pang sharper than captivity; but himself informed his son that the merchant, who was to pay the seven hundred pounds to his wife, was declared a bankrupt.

A short time after, the baron du F— commenced a suit at law against that agent of iniquity whom he had employed to deceive his son, and who, practising a refinement of treachery, of which the baron was not aware, had kept the seven hundred pounds, with which he was intrusted, and given drafts upon a merchant whom he knew would fail before the time of payment. Not being able to prosecute this affair without a power of attorney from his son, the baron applied to him for that purpose. But Mons. du F—, being firmly resolved not to deprive his wife of the chance of recovering the money for herself and her child, could by no entreaties or menaces be led to comply. In vain his father, who had consented to allow him a few books, ordered him to be deprived of that resource, and that his confinement should be rendered still more rigorous. He continued inflexible, and remained in prison without meeting with the smallest mark of sympathy from any one of the family, though his second brother, Mons. de B—, was now eighteen years of age; an age at which the sordid considerations of interest, how much soever they may affect our conduct at a more advanced period of life, can seldom stifle those warm and generous feelings which seem to belong to youth.

No words can convey an adequate idea of the sufferings of Madame du F— during this period. Three weeks after her husband's departure from England, she heard the general report of the town of Rouen, that the baron du F— had obtained a lettre de cachet against his son, and had thrown him into prison. This was all she heard of her husband for the space of two years. Ignorant of the place of his confinement, uncertain if he

still lived, perhaps her miseries were even more poignant than his. She was naturally of a delicate constitution, and grief of mind reduced her to such a deplorable state of weakness, that it was with difficulty she performed the duties of her situation. She would have welcomed death with thankfulness; but she considered that her child now depended entirely on her labours for support; and this was a motive sufficiently powerful to prompt her to the careful preservation of her own life, though it had long become a burden. The child was three years old when her father left England; recollected him perfectly; and, whenever her mother went to visit her, used to call with eagerness for her papa. The inquiry, in the voice of her child, of, "When shall I see my dear, dear papa?" was heard by this unhappy mother with a degree of agony which it were indeed hard to describe.

Mons. du F— was repeatedly offered his liberty, but upon conditions which he abhorred. He was required for ever to renounce his wife; who, while she remained with her child in a distant country, was to receive from his father a small pension, as an equivalent for the pangs of disappointed affection, of disgrace and dishonour. With the indignation of offended virtue he spurned at these insulting propositions, and endeavoured to prepare his mind for the endurance of perpetual captivity.

In his damp and melancholy cell, he passed two winters without fire, and suffered so severely from cold, that he was obliged to wrap himself up in the few clothes which covered his bed. Nor was he allowed any light, except that which, during the short day beamed through the small grated window in the ceiling of his dungeon.

A young gentleman, who was confined in a cell on one side of Mons. du F—'s, contrived to make a small hole through the wall; and these companions in misfortune, by placing themselves close to the hole, could converse together in whispers. But the monks were not long in discovering this, and effectually deprived them of so great an indulgence, by removing them to distant cells. These unrelenting monks, who performed with such fidelity their office of tormenting their fellow-creatures, who never relaxed in one article of persecution, and adhered with scrupulous rigour to the code of cruelty, were called, "Les Freres de la sainte Charite."* One among them deserved the appellation. This good old monk used to visit the prisoners by stealth, and endeavour to administer comfort to their affliction. Often he repeated to Mons. du F—, "Mon cher frere, consolez vous; mettez votre confiance en Dieu, vos maux seront finis!"† Mons. du F— remained two years in prison without receiving any intelligence of his wife, on whose account he suffered the most distracting anxiety.

On the 10th of October, 1780, the baron du F— came to the convent and ordered the monks to bring his son from his dungeon to the parlour, and leave them together. With the utmost reluctance Mons. du F— obeyed this summons, having long lost all hope of softening the obdurate heart of his father. When the monks withdrew, the baron began upbraiding him, in the most bitter terms, for his obstinate resistance to his will, which, he informed him, had availed nothing, as he had gained his suit at law, and recovered the seven hundred pounds. Mons. du F— replied, that the pain he felt from this intelligence would have been far more acute, had his wife been deprived, with his concurrence, of the money which was promised for her subsistence, and on the reliance of

which promise he had been tempted to leave England. His father then inquired if he still persisted in his adherence to the disgraceful connexion he had formed; to which his son answered, that not merely were his affections interested, but that his honour obliged him to maintain, with inviolable fidelity, a solemn and sacred engagement. The rage of the baron, at these words, became unbounded. He stamped the ground with his feet; he aimed a stroke at his son, who, taking advantage of this moment of frenzy determined to attempt his escape; and, rushing out of the apartment, and avoiding that side of the convent which the monks inhabited, he endeavoured to find his way to the garden, but missed the passage which led to it. He then flew up a staircase, from which he heard the voice of his father calling for assistance. Finding that all the doors which he passed were shut, he continued ascending till he reached the top of the building, where meeting with no other opening than a hole made in the sloping roof to let in light to a garret, he climbed up with much difficulty, and then putting his feet through the hole, and letting his body out by degrees, he supported himself for a moment on the roof, and deliberated on what he was about to do. But his mind was, at this crisis, wrought up to a pitch of desperation, which mocked the suggestions of fear. He quitted his hold, and, flinging himself from a height of nearly fifty feet, became insensible before he reached the ground, where he lay weltering in his blood, and to all appearance dead.

He had fallen on the high road leading from Rouen to Caen. Some people who were passing gathered round him, and one person having washed the blood from his face, instantly recognised his features, and exclaimed to the astonished crowd, that he was the eldest son of the baron du F—. Upon examining his body, it was found that he had broken his arm, his thigh, his ankle-bone, and his heel, besides having received many violent bruises. He still remained in a state of insensibility; and, while these charitable strangers were using their efforts to restore him to life, the monks hastened from their convent, snatched their victim from those good Samaritans who would have poured oil and wine into his wounds, and carried him to the infirmary of the convent, where he remained some weeks before he recovered his senses; after which he lay stretched upon a bed for three months, suffering agonies of pain.

His father, who had been the jailor, and almost the murderer of his son, heard of these sufferings without remorse, nor did he ever see him more. But, though he was sufficiently obdurate to bear unmoved the calamities he had inflicted on his child, though he could check the upbraidings of his own conscience, he could not silence the voice of public indignation. The report that Mons. du F— had been found lying on the road bathed in blood, and had in that condition been dragged to the prison of St. Yon, was soon spread through the town of Rouen. Every one sympathized in the fate of this unfortunate young man, and execrated the tyranny of his unrelenting father. The universal clamour reached the ear of his brother, Mons. de B—, who now, for the first time, out of respect to the public opinion, took a measure which his heart never dictated during the long captivity of his brother, that of visiting him in his prison. Mons. de B—'s design in these visits was merely to appease the public; for small indeed was the consolation they afforded to his brother. He did not come to bathe with his tears the bed where that unhappy young man lay stretched in pain and anguish; to lament the severity of his father; to offer him all the consolation of fraternal tenderness;—he came to warn him against indulging a hope of ever regaining his liberty—he came to pierce

his soul with "hard unkindness" altered eye, which mocks the tear it forced to flow!"

At length the parliament of Rouen began to interest itself in the cause of Mons. du F—. The circumstances of his confinement were mentioned in that assembly, and the president sent his secretary to Mons. du F—'s prison, who had now quitted his bed, and was able to walk with the assistance of crutches. By the advice of the president, Mons. du F— addressed some letters to the parliament, representing his situation in the most pathetic terms, and imploring their interference in his behalf.

It is here necessary to mention, that Mons. de Bel B—, Procureur General de Rouen, being intimately connected with the baron du F—'s family, had ventured to demonstrate his friendship for the baron, by confining his son nearly three years on his own authority, and without any lettre de cachet. And, though Mons. de Bel B— well knew that every species of oppression was connived at, under the shelter of lettres de cachet, he was sensible that it was only beneath their auspices that the exercise of tyranny was permitted; and in this particular instance, not having been cruel selon les regles,* he apprehended that if ever Mons. du F— regained his liberty, he might be made responsible for his conduct. He, therefore, exerted all his influence, and with too much success, to frustrate the benevolent intention of the president of the parliament, respecting Mons. du F—. His letters were indeed read in that assembly, and ordered to be registered, where they still remain a record of the pusillanimity of those men who suffered the authority of Mons. de Bel B— to overcome the voice of humanity; who acknowledged the atrocity of the baron du F—'s conduct, and yet were deaf to the supplications of his son, while, from the depth of his dungeon, he called upon them for protection and redress.

The baron du F— perceived that, notwithstanding his machinations had prevented the parliament of Rouen from taking any effectual measures toward liberating his son, it would be impossible to silence the murmurs of the public, while he remained confined at St. Yon. He determined, therefore, to remove him to some distant prison, where his name and family were unknown; where, beyond the jurisdiction of the parliament of Rouen, his groans might rise unpitied and unavenged. But the baron, not daring, amidst the general clamour, to remove his son by force, endeavoured to draw him artfully into the snare he had prepared.

Mons. de B— was sent to his brother's prison, where he represented to him, that, though he must not indulge the least hope of ever regaining his liberty, yet, if he would write a letter to Mons. M—, keeper of the seals, desiring to be removed to some other place, his confinement should be made far less rigorous. Mons. du F— was now in a state of desperation, that rendered him almost careless of his fate. He perceived that the parliament had renounced his cause. He saw no possibility of escape from St. Yon; and flattered himself, that in a place where he was less closely confined, it might perhaps be practicable; and therefore he consented to write the letter required, which Mons. de B— conveyed in triumph to his father. There were, however, some expressions in the letter which the baron disapproved, on which account he returned it, desiring that those expressions might be changed. But, during the interval of his brother's absence, Mons. du F— had reflected on the rash imprudence of confiding in the promises of those by whom he had been so cruelly deceived. No sooner,

* The Brothers of the Holy Charity.

† My dear brother, be comforted: place your confidence in God, your afflictions will have an end.

* According to rules

therefore, did Mons. de B—— put the letter again into his hands than he tore it into pieces, and peremptorily refused to write another.

Soon after this, Mons. de B——, the ambassador of the tyrant, again returned to his brother with fresh credentials, and declared to him, that if he would write to the keeper of the seals, desiring to be removed from St. Yon, he should in one fortnight after his removal, be restored to liberty. Upon Mons. du F——'s asserting that he could no longer confide in the promises made him by his brother, in a formal written engagement, to which he signed his name, gave him the most solemn assurance, that this promise should be fulfilled with fidelity. Mons. du F—— desired a few days for deliberation, and, during that interval, found means of consulting a magistrate of Rouen who was his friend, and who advised him to comply with the terms that were offered, after having caused several copies of the written engagement to be taken, and certified by such of the prisoners at St. Yon as were likely to regain their freedom; a precaution necessary, lest his own copy should be torn from his hands.

Thus, having neither trusted to the affection, the mercy, or the remorse of those within whose bosoms such sentiments were extinguished; having bargained by a written agreement, with a father and a brother, for his release from the horrors of perpetual captivity, Mons. du F—— wrote the letter required.

Soon after, an order was sent from Versailles for his release from the prison of St. Yon, and with a lettre de cachet, whereby he was exiled to Beauvais, with a command not to leave that town. Mons. de B——, acting as an officer of justice, conducted his brother to this place of exile, and there left him. A short time after, Mons. du F—— received an intimation, from that magistrate of Rouen who had interested himself in his misfortunes, that his father was on the point of obtaining another lettre de cachet, to remove him from Beauvais, to some prison in the south of France, where he might never more be heard of. This gentleman added, that Mons. du F—— had not one moment to lose, and advised him immediately to attempt his escape.

Early on the morning after he had received this intelligence, Mons. du F——, who had the liberty to walk about the town, fled from Beauvais. The person who brought him the letter from the magistrate, waited for him at a little distance from the town, and accompanied him on his journey. When they reached Lisle in Flanders, not having a passport, they were obliged to wait from eleven o'clock at night till ten the next morning, before they could obtain permission from the governor to proceed on their journey.

Mons. du F—— concluded that he was pursued, and suffered the most dreadful apprehensions of being overtaken. His companion with some address, at length obtained a passport, and attended him as far as Ostend. The wind proving contrary, he was detained two days in a state of the most distracting inquietude, and concealed himself on board the vessel in which he had taken his passage for England. At length the wind became favourable; the vessel sailed, and arrived late in the night at Margate. Mons. du F——, when he reached the English shore, knelt down, and, in a transport of joy, kissed the earth of that dear country which had twice proved his asylum.

He immediately set out for London.—When he knocked at the door of the house where he expected to hear of Madame du F——, he had scarcely power to articulate his inquiries after her and his child. He was told that they were in health, but that Madame du F——, being in a situation six miles from London, he could not see her till the next morning. Mons. du F—— had not been in a bed for several nights, and was al-

most overcome with agitation and fatigue. He however instantly set out on foot for the habitation of his wife, announced himself to the mistress of the family, and remained in another apartment, while she, after making Madame du F—— promise that she would listen to her with calmness, told her, that there was a probability of her husband's return to England. He heard the sobs, the exclamations of his wife at this intelligence—he could restrain no longer—he rushed into the room—he flew into her arms—he continued pressing her in silence to his bosom. She was unable to shed a tear; and it was not till after he had long endeavoured to soothe her by his tenderness, and had talked to her of her child, that she obtained relief from weeping. She then, with the most violent emotion, again and again repeated the same inquiries, and was a considerable time before she recovered any degree of composure.

Six months after Mons. du F——'s return to England, his family found themselves compelled to silence the public clamours, by allowing him a small annual pension. Upon this, Madame du F—— quitted her place, and came to live with her husband and her child in an obscure lodging. Their little income received some addition by means of teaching the French language in a few private families. On the 7th of October, 1787, the baron died, leaving, besides Mons. du F——, two other sons, and a daughter. At the time when Mons. du F—— was confined to his bed in the prison of St. Yon, from the consequences of his fall, his father, in order to avoid the clamours at Rouen, went for some weeks to Paris. He there made a will, disinheriting his eldest son. By the old laws of France, however, a father could not punish his son more than once for the same offence. Nor was there any thing in so mild a clause that could much encourage disobedience; since this single punishment, of which the mercy of the law was careful to avoid repetition, might be extended to residence for life in a dungeon. Such was evidently the intention of the baron du F——; and, though his son, disappointing this intention, had escaped with only three years of captivity, and some broken limbs, the benignant law above-mentioned interposed to prevent further punishment, and left the baron without any legal right to deprive Mons. F—— of his inheritance. His brothers, being sensible of this, wrote to inform him of his father's death, and recall him to France. He refused to go while the lettre de cachet remained in force against him. The baron having left all his papers sealed up, which his younger sons could not open but in the presence of their brother, they obtained the revocation of the lettre de cachet, and sent it to Mons. du F—— who immediately set off for France.

The baron's estate amounted to about four thousand pounds a-year. Willing to avoid a tedious litigation with his brothers, Mons. du F—— consented to divide with them this property. But he soon found reason to repent of his imprudent generosity; those very brothers, on whom he had bestowed an equal share of his fortune, refusing to concur with him in his application to the parliament of Rouen for the revocation of the arret against his marriage. Mons. du F——, surprised and shocked at their refusal, began to entertain some apprehensions of his personal safety; and dreading that, supported by the authority of his mother, another lettre de cachet might be obtained against him he hastened back to England. Nor was it till after he had received assurances from several of the magistrates of Rouen, that they would be responsible for the safeguard of his person, that he again ventured to return to France, accompanied by Madame and Mademoiselle du F——, in order to obtain the revocation

of the arret. On their arrival at Rouen, finding that the parliament was exiled, and that the business could not be prosecuted at that time, they again came back to pass the winter in England.

At this period his father died; and in the following summer Mons. and Madame du F—— arrived in France, at the great epocha of French liberty, on 15th of July, 1789, the very day after that on which the Bastille was taken. It was then that Mons. du F—— felt himself in security on his native shore. It was then that his domestic comforts were no longer embittered by the dread of being torn from his family by a separation more terrible than death itself. It was then that he no more feared that his repose at night would be broken by the entrance of ruffians prepared to drag him to dungeons; the darkness of which was never visited by the blessed beams of day!

THE GLEANER.

—So we'll live,
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded butterflies; and hear poor rogues
Talk of Court News; and we'll talk with them too,
Who lose and who wins; who's in and who's out,
And take upon us the mystery of things,
As if we were God's spies. —SHAKESPEARE

Terrific Adventure of a French Traveller.—It is almost impossible to conceive that any mental suffering, the offspring of fear, can exceed that experienced by the traveller whose adventure is the subject of the following narrative. There was no illusion in it—all was real: yet in him the horror of a supernatural enemy absorbed all dread of a mortal assassin, which his midnight intruder might have well passed for.

M. de Conange, during an excursion he was making with a friend through one of the French provinces, was compelled one night to take refuge from a violent storm, in an obscure inn, which had little else than M. de C.'s knowledge of the landlord to recommend it. Mine host had all the inclination in the world to accommodate the travellers to their satisfaction, but, unfortunately he possessed not the means. The few chambers the house contained, were already mostly in the occupation of other guests: there remained only a small parlour unengaged, situated on the ground-floor, with a closet adjoining, with which, inconvenient as they were, M. de C. and his friend were obliged to content themselves. The closet was prepared with a very uninviting bed for the latter, while they supped together in the parlour, where it had been decided M. de C. was to sleep. As their intention was to depart very early in the morning, they retired betimes to their separate beds, and ere long fell into a profound slumber. Short, however, had been M. de C.'s repose, when he was disturbed by the voice of his companion in an agony, crying out that he was being strangled. Though he distinctly heard the voice of his friend, he could not for some time sufficiently shake off his drowsiness to comprehend the import of his neighbour's exclamations. When sufficiently master of himself to be able to speak, he anxiously inquired the cause of his distress.—No answer was returned.—No sound was heard.—All was silent as the grave. Greatly alarmed, M. de C. started from his bed; and taking up his candle, proceeded to the closet. Imagine his horror and astonishment, when he beheld his friend prostrate and senseless, beneath the grasp of a dead man, loaded with chains! The doleful cries which this dreadful sight could not fail to call forth, soon brought the host to his assistance, whose consternation at the appalling spectacle, acquitted him of being in any way an actor in the tragic scene before them. It being a more pressing duty to endeavour at the recovery of the senseless traveller than to unravel the mysterious event which had reduced him to so shocking a situation; the barber of the village was

immediately sent for, and in the mean time they extricated the traveller from the grasp of the man, whose hand had in death closed on his throat with a force which rendered it difficult to unclench. While performing this, they had the happiness to find that the vital spark still faintly glowed in the breast of the sufferer, although entirely fled from that of his assaulter. The operation of bleeding, which the barber now arrived to perform, gave that spark new vigour, and he was shortly put to bed out of danger, and left to all that could now be of service to him—repose.

M. de C. then felt himself at liberty to satisfy his curiosity in developing the cause of so terrible an adventure, which was quickly unravelled by his host, who informed him that the deceased was his groom, who had within a few days exhibited such strong marks of mental derangement, as to render it necessary to use coercive measures to prevent his either doing mischief to himself or others, and that he had been in consequence, confined chained in the stables—but that it was evident his fetters had proved too weak to resist the strength of his frenzy, and that in liberating himself, he had passed through a little door, imprudently left unlocked, which led from the saddle-room into the closet in which the traveller slept, and had entered it to die with such frightful effects on his bed.

When in the course of a few days M. de C.'s friend was sufficiently convalescent to be spoken with on the subject, he stated that never in his life had he suffered so much, and that he was confident, had his senses not forsaken him, madness must have ensued as the consequence of a prolonged state of such inexpressible terror.

Anecdote of Turpin.—Turpin seems to have been born for the express purposes of humbugging all the world, and to have been what we call a first-rate wag. Happening to sit one day at a church next to a jolly fat-faced lady, whose nose was the least prominent feature in her platter-formed visage, he began to figet and grunt, and make such horrible contortions as induced his good-natured neighbour to ask what ailed him. "Alas! my good lady," cried Turpin, with the utmost gravity of voice and demeanour, "I am a poor paralytic, who cannot use my hands; and here I have been sitting this full quarter of an hour without any one to blow my nose, of which I am in urgent necessity." The answer, as may be anticipated—for women are ever compassionate—was a proposition to assist the sick man in his need. Turpin readily expressed his assent, and the fat lady, seeking his handkerchief in his pocket, lent herself to the operation, which he performed with all the simplicity imaginable, returning to the charge three several times, and making the church ring again with the crowing of his nostrils. Then, turning to the woman, and preserving the hypocritical tranquillity of his countenance and voice undisturbed, he asked her, "and now tell me, my good charitable lady, is it not a much greater pleasure to blow such a handsome nose as mine, than to be fumbling at a miserable snub like your own?"

Anecdote of Mr. Foote.—Mr. Foote dining one day with Lord Townshend, after his duel with Lord Bellamont, the wine being bad, and the dinner ill dressed, made Foote observe that he could not discover what reason could compel his Lordship to take up arms, when he might have effected his purpose another way, and with much more ease to himself. "Why, how," replied his Lordship, "could I have acted otherwise?"—"How!" replied Foote, "you should have invited him to dine with your Lordship, as you have done me, and poisoned him."

THE TRAVELLER.

"Tis pleasant, through the loop-holes of retreat
To peep at such a world; to see the stir
Of the great Ba-bel, and not feel the crowd

A WALK TO VINCENNES.

It was in the spring season, a short time ago, that I walked to the chateau of Vincennes. The day was fine, and the pure cerulean sky, with that vivifying clearness of the atmosphere never seen or experienced in the metropolis. I set out and pursued my walk under the delicious green shade of the trees, until I reached the palace built by Catharine and Mary de Medicis; it contains nothing remarkable, and I passed it by to enter the fort or chateau, is celebrated as a state prison, having been in every respect the twin brother of the Bastille. It would have shared the same fate as that edifice, had not the patriotic La Fayette preserved it by calling out the National Guard. A young officer of *gens d'armes*, with whom I had been long acquainted, accompanied me. He wore the ribbon of the Legion of Honour given him by Napoleon, and therefore it is fair to suppose he merited it by his services. We crossed the drawbridges and entered the inner court. All seemed adapted to the purposes of arbitrary power—noats and walls precluding any chance of escape; a gloom falling from the dark masses of stone the whole height of the keep, that flung over the mind, together with its dark shadows, a sadness weighing down every other sensation. The recollection of the mass of human suffering endured and enduring there, must have inflicted a death of hope in the mind of every newly-arrived victim. A *lettre de cachet* and a warrant for execution could have produced in him feelings very little dissimilar. No question was allowed to be asked by the prisoner on his introduction; *c'est ici*, he was told, *la maison de silence*. As I entered the door of the donjon, the walls of which are sixteen feet in thickness, I thought of the inscription over hell gate in Dante,

Lasciate ogni speranza, voi, che 'ntrate!

What a picture was before me of the old regime of France! From the palace to the dungeon was here indeed but a step. The groans and misery of the captives must often, from their vicinity to it, have been echoed back in return for the music and revelry of courtiers. Thus the pains of captivity were rendered more cutting, and a torture inflicted on the mind even more bitter than Louis XI. caused on the bodies of the unfortunate Princes of Armagnac, at Vincennes, or in the Bastille. They were placed in holes in the masonry shaped like inverted cones, to prevent their feet having an easy resting-place, scourged twice a week, and a tooth was drawn from them every three months! The donjon is a square building, having round towers at the angles; it is surrounded by an inner ditch. The first floor being passed, it was formerly necessary to open three more before entering the first apartment, though these are at present dispensed with. The cells of the prisoners surrounded this room, small and lofty, with very little light, owing to the enormous thickness of the walls. The lowest floor was of old used as a place of torture. The stone elevations still remain on which the prisoners were seated, with the places of the rings over them by which they were confined while they suffered. A staircase in one of the circular turrets led to the summit of the building; I ascended, and was charmed with the prospect. On one side me lay what remains of the wood of Vincennes, *vivant*, as the French say, in the rich luxuriance of spring; at a little distance was the pleasant village of Saint Mandé, and in another direction the city of Paris, with the domes of the Pantheon and Invalids clear and minute-

ly seen, under the lovely blue heaven; no black dinginess obscured the buildings; every thing was defined, and stood out in its minutest details. The soft air bore with it a spirit of voluptuousness that seemed to afford fresh excitement to enjoyment on every inhaled breath. It almost made me forget where I was standing, that beneath my feet was a place of sighs and groans, and woe, or rather had been such, and perhaps might soon be such again; and that, amidst the luxuriance of earth, air, and skies, man had even there erected a habitation for his crimes, deforming, as usual, the face of Nature with monuments of his iniquities. How painful must the feelings of a favoured prisoner have been, who was permitted to walk on the leads for an hour with his turnkey on such a charming day, and then forced to return to his dark cell amid solitude and heart-rending desolation! I descended the narrow stairs, which once had several iron-plated doors on them for additional security, more in love with freedom than ever, and with a greater detestation of the despotic will of "a little brief authority." My guide told me that there were many inscriptions on the walls, the labour of different captives, and wished me to view some dungeons below, but I was glad to hasten out of the horrible den.

Among numberless persons incarcerated at Vincennes by Cardinal Mazarine, was the great Condé, who sung, laughed, danced, and played the violin; being a prisoner of rank, he received indulgences unknown to plebeian offenders. Abandoned by his friends, he never gave way to sadness or anger, except when speaking of Mazarine. He studied much, being allowed books, and wrote epigrams upon his persecutors. The Abbé Fresnoy was many times incarcerated in the Bastille and Vincennes for his writings, at which latter place he terminated his days in 1755, at the age of eighty-two. So gay was he on going to his cell, and so accustomed to be sent there, that when the officer came with the king's order he did not allow him to speak first, but began himself. "Ah, Monsieur! bon jour!" and turning to his housekeeper, "*Mon petit paquet, du linge, du tabac*," and set off laughing.

By the *lettres de cachet* many were imprisoned at Vincennes for twenty and thirty years. Latude, whose story has been long published, was incarcerated thirty-five years for only affronting Madame Pompadour. Many a son of literature had languished away his days there in sorrow; and brave spirits, little deserving to be "kept in such a cage," as Prince Henry said of Raleigh, have worn out life in unmerited forgetfulness within its iron precincts. Madame Guyot, the enthusiastic and good, Crebillon, Diderot, Mirabeau, Morillet, and a long list of great names, were among the captives at Vincennes. Their captivity however took place openly in latter days, when public opinion began to have some sway. One half of the victims of regal vengeance, more to be pitied than these, were never known to the world by name or by their fate. Under Louis XIII. XIV. and XV. people were frequently taken from their dwellings in the night, and seen by their friends no more; for no one was ever permitted to enter the chateau, even the priests and physicians were inmates; secrecy being an essential point in all these state imprisonments. I felt great pleasure on coming from this monument of suffering to the open air in the court of the donjon, round which I walked. Heavy cannon were mounted on the platforms which had thundered on the allied armies advancing upon the same side of Paris in 1814, and kept them effectually in check on that point until the capitulation was signed.

I then visited the part of the ditch where the Duke d'Enghien was executed for his conspiracy against the French

government. I thought there was something strange and retributive in the duke's execution on the very spot where his ancestors had immolated so many innocent persons: it was almost the visitation of the sins of the fathers upon the children. One instance of this kind of oppression under Louis the Fourteenth I will give, curiously involving, too, a violation of neutral territory. A young man named Desvalons fought a duel at Paris, and fled to Mannheim; he was received kindly by one Cardel, a Protestant resident there, and soon made love to Cardel's sister, or rather to her fortune, but was unsuccessful, chiefly by the brother's interference. He determined on revenge, and sent a communication to Paris, that a person at Mannheim, named Cardel, intended to kill Louis the Fourteenth. The French envoy was desired to aid in getting possession of his person. He was attracted to a village out of the city, carried off by a hundred dragoons of the garrison of Laudau, and finally conducted in chains to the donjon of Vincennes. He suffered most cruel treatment, and died in the Bastille after a confinement of thirty years, and after being claimed by all the European powers in vain. Even the family of this unfortunate man was thrown into a horrible prison, and endured the most terrible sufferings, having been unhappily in France at the time of his unjust caption. I must mention another anecdote relative to Vincennes, as it records the faithfulness of the most faithful race in creation. About the time of the last persecution of the Protestants, an officer of that persuasion was shut up in the donjon. He wished much to have his dog admitted with him; it was a grayhound, which he had reared. This innocent request being refused, the dog, though turned out of the fortress, watched an opportunity on the following day, and re-entered within the innermost court. His master was confined in one of the lower cells, the window of which was near the ground, and the animal appeared at it and was recognised. He came to the bars and visited his unhappy master, whose relatives knew nothing of his fate, diurnally for four whole years, in spite of cold or wet. At length the officer was set at liberty, returned home, and died in a few months afterwards. The dog again returned to Vincennes, and repeated its visits, taking up its dwelling with an outer turnkey, and frequently going to the window, where it sat for hours gazing in vain for its master, until death terminated its career. These two anecdotes respecting Vincennes I met with on my return to Paris, and the latter is worthy of being added to our extant collections of animal attachment and sagacity.

THE DRAMA.

—Whilst the Drama bows to Virtue's cause,
To aid her precepts and enforce her laws,
So long the just and generous will befriend,
And triumph on her efforts still attend. BACCHUS.

COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.

Feb. 11th.

A new Opera in three Acts was produced here last night, under the title of *Native Land*; or, *The Return from Slavery*. Most of the overture, if not the whole of it, was from Rossini. It was spirited, peculiar, and had considerable variety. It was well played. Ware led the orchestra with amazing vigour and precision; and to his exertions, in a great measure must be attributed the encore with which it was honoured. The following is the plot of the Opera: Aurelio di Montalto, a Genoese Nobleman, betrothed to Clymante, having been taken prisoner in an expedition against the states of Barbary, in vain endeavoured to make his captivity known to his relatives and friends, his letters being all intercepted by his guardian Gueseppe, who

thus hoped, as his heir at law, to possess his estates. During his captivity, Clymante's father died, leaving his vast possessions to his daughter, on condition that she married within a stated period, and on her non-compliance, the bulk of his fortune to become the patrimony of the church. The young lady, cherishing the hope that her lover still lives, conceals with her cousin, Biondina, how to evade the limitations of her father's will and preserve her faith to Aurelio. For this purpose, Biondina assumes the disguise of a cavalier, and under the name of Celio, is received as her intended husband. The piece opens with the return of Capt. Tancredi from a successful expedition, in which he had released all the christian captives; and to the anxious inquiries of their relatives and friends, no account can be obtained of Aurelio, who, on his liberation had prevailed on the Captain to keep secret his return, and disguised as an Abyssinian, takes up his residence with his friend Tancredi. An invitation from Celio to Tancredi to honour his nuptials with Clymante, convinces Aurelio of the infidelity of his mistress, and he resolves, notwithstanding the persuasions of Tancredi, to attend the ceremony, there to avow himself, and upbraid her for her breach of faith. Peregrino, Aurelio's confidential servant, imitating his master's example, likewise conceals his arrival, and disguised as a disabled soldier, seeks to prove the affection and fidelity of his wife, Zanina, the attendant of Lavinia, a young lady to whom Gueseppe is paying his addresses. In this disguise he finds means to discover the plans of Gueseppe, with which he acquaints his master and Tancredi; but the former, deaf to all the arguments of his friend to avow himself, determines to await the ceremony. Celio accidentally learning what is going forward, persuades Clymante to retort the charge of infidelity upon Aurelio. The cause of the disguise of Celio is accounted for, and Gueseppe's treachery being made apparent, the Opera concludes with the union of Aurelio and Clymante—Marcello and Lavinia.

Of the literary merits of this piece not much can be said in commendation. Yet there are situations, and some few scenes, which are not only laughable in themselves, but sustained by pointed dialogue and ingenious contrivance. In this description we should particularly class the return of Peregrino to his wife, disguised as a mutilated soldier. The music is by Bishop, with selections from Rossini. The Overture is that from Riccardo, containing the delightful movement which is repeated in the opera, in the duet, "*Ab nati e ver*." It was loudly encored, and closed the second time amidst the most animated applause. Sinclair introduces as his first song the air "*Aurora ah! sorgerai*," from *La Donna del Lago*; and sings the first stanza behind the scenes, as it is done in that opera. The effect was beautiful, as the distance threw his tones upon the ear with still more than their natural sweetness. He was warmly received upon his entrance, and made to repeat the air. Almost without exception his songs are Italian; and he gave them with all the luxuriant taste of that unrivalled school. He sang with unusual power, and displayed the masterly execution which he has acquired in his absence to its full extent. His part is altogether a very fine one, and in doing it ample justice he conferred upon his talent the highest distinction.

The scenery was throughout beautiful, and reflects credit even on this splendid theatre. The view of Genoa, though it appeared far from accurate, was a beautiful scene; and another of Grieve's, a view by moonlight, deserved unqualified approbation. The house was crowded, the applause frequent, and the *Return from Slavery* was given out for repetition without a dissentient voice. The fol-

lowing are specimens of the songs, in which Miss Paton and Miss Tree took a conspicuous part:

DUETTO.

Lo! when showers descending,
Weigh the lily's crest,
How its full cup, bending,
Seems with woe oppress;
Drops on drops assail her,
Whelm each lucid leaf:
The pale flow'r grows yet paler,
Lost in hopeless grief.

Zephyr, lightly sweeping
O'er the blooming plain,
Spies that lily weeping,
Newly wash'd with rain:
Fondly bends he o'er it,
Blowing drops away,
With a kiss restores it,
Lady of the May!

CAVATINA.

Farewell! thou coast of glory,
Where dwell'd my sires of yore!
Their names, their martial story,
Your trophies tombs restore.

Farewell! thou clime of beauty!
Where blooms the maid I love.
Fond thoughts in pleasing duty
Around her ever rove!

What phrase to shape "farewell" in
In vain this heart would tell,
Winds blow—white sails are swelling—
Oh, native land!—farewell!

AIR.

There's an Isle, clasp'd by waves, in an emerald zone,
That peers forth from ocean, so pearl-like and fair;
As if nature meant it the Water-King's throne—
A youth, whom I name not, remembers me there.
Perchance, at this moment, he roams by the billow,
And strikes his guitar on that green lovely shore,
Exclaiming in sadness, "Come, crown me with willow,
The maid I lov'd truly returns love no more."
Methinks, now the breeze bearing murmurs from far,
Wafts hither the plaint of my lover's guitar.

Ah! cheer thee, fond mourner! let hope's whisper soften
The wild pang of absence, and doubts too unkind;
The maid thou upbraided, for thee sighs as often,
And sends gentle wishes by every wind.
Thy willow crown tear it—true love's busy fingers
Now weave for thee mystics in beautiful exchange;
Though seas roll between, and thy mistress yet lingers,
Oh! tarry thou trustful, not long will she range.
Then, winds, blow ye homeward, waves, waft me afar,
To my own native Isles, and my lover's guitar.

BIOGRAPHY.

The proper study of mankind is man.

MEMOIRS OF

GEORGE BUBB DODDINGTON.

George Bubb Doddington was son of an apothecary at Carlisle, by a sister or near relation of Mr. Doddington of Eastberry, in Dorsetshire, who bequeathed him his estate and name, with obligation to finish the vast seat at Eastberry, designed by Vanbrugh; and which was pulled down by Richard Grenville, first Earl Temple, on whom it was entailed, in case of Bubb's having no issue, as happened. Doddington had a great deal of wit, great knowledge of business, and was an able speaker in parliament, though an affected one, and though most of his speeches were premeditated. He was vain, fickle, ambitious, servile, and corrupt. Early in his life he had been devoted to Sir Robert Walpole, and in an epistle to him, which Pope quotes, had professed himself,

"In power a servant, out of power a friend."

At a much later period of life he published an epistle to Lord Bute, whom he styled Pollio. Mr. Wyndham, editor of his Diary, wrote to Dr. Joseph Warton, in 1784, that he had found, among Doddington's papers, an old copy of that poem, but inscribed to Sir Robert Walpole. He fell more than once under the lash of Pope, who coupled him with Sir William Yonge in this line—

"The flowers of Bubbington, and flow of Yonge."

Soon after the arrival of Frederick Prince of Wales in England, Doddington became a favourite, and submitted to the princes' childish horse-play, being once rolled up in a blanket, and trundled down stairs; nor was he negligent in paying more solid court, by lending his royal highness money. "This is a strange country, this England," said his royal highness once. "I am told Doddington is reckoned a clever man; yet I got £5,000 out of him this morning, and he has no chance of ever seeing it again." He was, however, supplanted by George,

afterwards Lord Lyttelton, and again became a courtier and placeman at St. James's; but once more reverted to the prince. Pope was not the only poet who diverted the town at Doddington's expense. Sir Charles Hanbury ridiculed him in a well-known dialogue with Gyles Earle, and in a ballad entitled "A Grub upon Bubb." Dr. Young, on the contrary, who was patronized by him, has dedicated to him one of his satires on the love of fame, as Lyttelton had inscribed one of his cantos on the progress of love. Glover and Ralph were also countenanced by him, as the Diary shows.

Doddington's own wit was very ready: falling asleep one day after dinner, with Sir Richard Temple, Lord Cobham, the general, the latter reproached Doddington with his drowsiness. Doddington denied having been asleep, and to prove he had not, offered to repeat all Lord Cobham had been saying. Cobham challenged him to do so. Doddington repeated a story, and Lord Cobham owned he had been telling it. "Well," said Doddington, "and yet I did not hear a word of it; but I went to sleep because I knew that about this time of day you would tell that story." Doddington was married to a Mrs. Behan, whom he was supposed to keep. Though secretly married, he could not own her, as he then did, till the death of Mrs. Strawberry, to whom he had given a promise of marriage, under the penalty of ten thousand pounds. He had long made love to the latter: one day he found her lying on a couch: he fell on his knees, and after kissing her hand for some time, cried out "Oh, that I had you but in a wood!" "In a wood!" exclaimed the enraged dame; "What would you do then? Would you rob me?" It was on this Mrs. Strawberry that was made the ballad—

"My Strawberry—my strawberry
Shall bear away the bell;"

to the burthen and tune of which, Lord Bath, many years afterwards, wrote his song on "Strawberry Hill." Doddington had no children. His estate descended to Lord Temple, whom he hated, as he did Lord Chatham, against whom he wrote a pamphlet to expose the expedition to Rochfort.

Nothing was more glaring in Doddington than his want of taste, and the tawdry ostentation in his dress and furniture of his houses. At Eastberry, in the great bed-chamber, hung with the richest red velvet, was pasted on every panel of the velvet, his crest (a hunting horn supported by an eagle) cut out of gilt leather. The foot-cloth round the bed was a mosaic of the pocket-flaps and cuffs of all his embroidered clothes. At Hammersmith, at his house, since called Brandenburg House, his crest, in pebbles, was stuck into the centre of the turf before his door. The chimney-piece was hung with spars, representing icicles round the fire, and a bed of purple, lined with orange, was crowned with a dome of peacock's feathers. The great gallery, to which was a beautiful door of white marble, supported by two columns of lapis lazuli, was not only filled with busts and statues, but had an inlaid floor of marble; and all this weight was above stairs. One day, showing it to Edward, Duke of York, Doddington said, "Sir, some persons tell me that this room ought to be on the ground." "Be easy, Mr. Doddington," replied the prince, "it will soon be there."

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

Science has sought, on weary wing,
By sea and shore, each mute and living thing.

THE MIGRATION OF BIRDS;

BY DR. JENNER.

At a meeting of the Royal Society of London on the 27th of November last, a paper was read, drawn up by the lately

deceased Dr. Jenner, on the migration of Birds, in which he brings forward various facts to show that there are no grounds for entertaining doubts on the subject; among which are the following:—a hobby-hawk was seen in a vessel near Newfoundland; and an owl, seemingly the common brown owl, flying above the Atlantic wave, with as much agility as if pursuing a mouse in the fields; cuckoos, snipes, and other birds have likewise been seen in the Atlantic; a flock of birds resembling linnets settled on the rigging of a ship, remained awhile chirruping in concert, and then flew away; geese have been caught in Newfoundland with their crops full of maize, a species of corn which is not grown but at an immense distance from that island. The discussion of this branch of the subject is succeeded by some remarks on the faculties of discrimination and guidance which must be exercised by birds, in the long flights thus taken.

The periodical disappearance and return of birds has been ascribed to hibernation, but of this Dr. Jenner never witnessed an instance; nor could he ever obtain any satisfactory evidence of it. When birds appear for the season, they are never in the emaciated and weakened state attended with loss of fat, seen in hibernating quadrupeds when they quit their retreats; but, on the contrary, they are quite vigorous, and as active as at any period. With regard to the supposed immersion of birds in ponds and rivers for the winter, Dr. J. remarks, that their respiratory organs are very similar in structure to those of quadrupeds, and are no better adapted for performing their functions under water. He took a swift, about the 10th of August, or on the eve of departure, and held it under water, when it died in two minutes. It has been conjectured, that repeated alternate immersions and emersions might have the effect of altering the corresponding action of the heart and lungs; but though swifts and martins, it is observed, in reply to this conjecture, frequently splash in the water over which they are skimming, yet they never immerse themselves in it, and indeed if they were to do so, their wings would become so wet as to prevent their flying. The common duck, when pursued and forced to dive repeatedly, by a water dog, arrives at the surface again much exhausted; as is likewise the case with gables and auks, after repeated diving. Dr. Jenner had been in the habit of receiving Newfoundland dogs from that country, and had ascertained that they never continued under water for more than thirty seconds, and even then seemed confused when they came up. It had been asserted that negro and other divers remained under water several minutes; but Dr. J. conceives this assertion to be grounded on a vague guess, and that the time was not measured by a stop-watch.

The next division of the paper relates to the remarkable effect of instinct in birds, of their returning to build on the same spot for many successive seasons. The author took twelve swifts from their nests in a barn, indelibly marked them all, by taking off two claws from one foot of each, and then set them at liberty. Some of them were caught again on the same spot, at the expiration of a year, and others after two years had elapsed. They were not attended to afterwards; but at the expiration of seven years from their original capture, one of these marked swifts was brought in by a cat.

Dr. Jenner next proceeds to state, as the cause of the migration of birds, that the turmid and enlarged state of the testes in the male, and of the ovaria in the female, at the season of their departure, prompt the animals to seek those countries where they can obtain proper succours for their offspring; that, in fact, the nestlings are the objects of this pro-

vision. The parent birds leave the countries they migrate from at a time when their own wants are completely supplied; and they remain in those to which they migrate, no longer than suffices for the rearing of their young. Thus the swifts arrive in this country about the 5th or 6th of April, and depart hence about the 10th of August. Dr. J. here observes, as a remarkable circumstance, that Ray, who attributed the migration of fishes to its true cause, that of seeking proper situations for spawning, overlooked the corresponding impulse as actuating birds. Swallows are seen flying over pools and waters in spring, in search of the gnats on which they are then obliged to feed; and not because they have arisen from the water. Their usual food, like that of swifts and martins, is a species of scabrous, as the author ascertained by dissection.

Birds that rear several broods in the season, frequently leave the last brood to perish; thus a pair of swifts that had brought up three broods in one nest left the fourth to perish; and the mother came back in the following year, threw out the skeletons, and laid in the nest again. Many nests of late birds, of various species, are deserted in this manner by the parent animals; but the latter thus leave the country when it abounds with their own food. The young birds, it is remarked, cannot be directed in their migratory flights by the parents, but must be guided by some unknown principle: if it be admitted in the case of swifts, martins, and other birds associating together in flocks, that the young may be directed by the motions of their fellows, yet this cannot be the case with nightingales; nor with the cuckoos, who, though reared in the nests of many different birds, are regular migrators. The parent cuckoo has left the country before its young are reared, always departing early in July.

Effects of burning on Limestone or Chalk.—M. Vicat, author of a work on Cements and Mortars, has lately obtained some singular results in the burning of lime. Many years since he observed, whilst burning pure lime with charcoal and coal in a small furnace, that if the fragments of lime on passing through the furnace into the ash-pit, were again put in with fresh fuel, and this many times successively; a lime was obtained incapable of slaking, but which, broken up and made into a paste, had the remarkable character of setting under water.

It is an old opinion among lime-burners, that limestone which has cooled before it is completely burnt, cannot by any quantity of fuel be converted into quick lime, and M. Vicat says, that pure calcareous matter, as chalk or marble for instance, may be brought by fire into an intermediate state, being neither lime nor a carbonate, and that in this state it has the property, when pulverized and made into paste, of setting under water. Chalk converted into lime and slaked in the usual way, yields a hydrate, which, made into paste will not harden in water; but the same lime left to fall in powder by long exposure to the air, and then made into a stiff paste with water, will solidify very sensibly after immersion. The action of the air here occasions the formation of a compound analogous to that afforded by imperfectly burnt chalk, being like that, neither completely carbonate; and it enjoys the same hydraulic properties.

Ten equal portions of finely powdered chalk were taken, and a plate of cast iron being heated red hot, they were placed upon it; one portion was allowed to remain three minutes, another six, a third nine, and so on, and during the time they remained on the plate they were continually stirred, that all parts might be equally calcined. These portions were mixed up with a small quantity of water, into

pastes of equal consistency, no signs of slaking were observed; the first portions gave the ordinary odour of moistened chalk, the latter portions gave the alkaline odour belonging to lime, and were decidedly alkaline. After twenty-four hours of immersion in water, all the numbers, except the first had set, as hydraulic lime would have done, and became harder daily, while the first remained soft. When after some time the comparative hardness of the second and tenth were tried, no apparent difference could be perceived.

On the Presence of Ammonia in Rust of Iron, formed in habited Houses.—M. Vauquelin was called on to examine some red spots found on a sabre, which was supposed to have been used in the commission of a murder, the spots being produced by blood; a small portion of the red matter was introduced into a glass tube, closed at one end and heated, the other being occupied by a strip of litmus paper, reddened by an acid; a yellow vapour rose from the substance, which changed the red colour of the paper to blue. A second experiment was made with the matter of some red spots found on a knife, which was supposed to have been put to the same use as the sabre, being found in the house where a murder had been committed, and exactly the same results were obtained.

These facts tended to strengthen the suspicions previously raised; but although a medical man did not hesitate to assert that the spots were actually blood, yet they resembled rust more than blood. The experiment was therefore repeated with common rust, from a piece of iron found by accident in the judge's cabinet; this rust gave exactly the same result as the former, and the suspicions before existing were, of course, destroyed. The fact proves that rust formed within houses, is capable of absorbing and strongly retaining the ammoniacal vapours there developed. It also absorbs animal vapours, for in all these experiments vestiges of a brown colour were constantly observed on the surface of the tube.

CURIOSITIES FOR THE INGENIOUS.

Germination.—The following experiments have been made by Professor Dobereiner of Jena. Two glass vessels were procured, each of the capacity of 320 cubic inches, two portions of barley were sown in portions of the same earth, and moistened in the same degree, and then placed one in each vessel. The air was now exhausted in one, till reduced to the pressure of 14 inches of mercury, and condensed in the other, until the pressure equalled 56 inches. Germination took place in both nearly at the same time, and the leaflets appeared of the same green tint; but at the end of 15 days the following differences existed. The shoots in the rarefied air were six inches in length, and from nine to ten inches in the condensed air. The first were expanded and soft; the last rolled round the stem and solid. The first were wet on the surface, and especially towards the extremities; the last were nearly dry. "I am disposed," says M. Dobereiner, "to believe, that the diminution in the size of plants, as they rise into higher regions on mountains, depends more on the diminution of pressure than of heat. The phenomenon of drops of water on the leaves in the rarefied air calls to my mind the relation of a young Englishman, who, whilst passing through Spanish America as a prisoner, remarked that on the highest mountains of the country, the trees continually transpired a quantity of water even in the driest weather; the water falling sometimes like rain."

Curious Mode of Preserving Cabbages.—A simple method is employed by

the Portuguese on board their ships, for the preservation of cabbages. The cabbage is cut so as to leave about two inches or more of the stem attached to it; after which the pith is scooped out, to about the depth of an inch, care being taken not to wound or bruise the rind by this operation. The cabbages are then suspended, by means of a cord tied round that portion of the stem next the cabbage, and fastened, at regular intervals, to a rope run across the deck. That portion of the stem from which the pith is taken, being uppermost, is regularly filled with water every morning. By this simple method, the cabbage is preserved fresh during pretty long voyages.

Coal.—This useful mineral was known to the Britons before the arrival of the Romans, who, says Pennant, had not even a name for coals, though Theophrastus describes them very accurately at least three centuries before the time of Cæsar, and even says that they were known to workers in brass. Brand says that they were burnt by the Romans. The Anglo-Saxons knew and partly used them. Brand, however, observes that they were not mentioned under the Danish usurpation, nor under the Normans; but were known in the reign of Henry III. In 1306 they were prohibited at London, as a nuisance, but used in the king's palace in 1321; and became soon after an important article of commerce. In 1512, they were not always used, because not having got to the main stratum, people complained "that they would not burn without wood." The best was then sold at five shillings: chaldron; a bad sort at four shillings and two pence. Excepting blacksmiths, they were confined in the seventeenth century, under the name of sea-coal, to the lower orders, who could not afford to buy wood. They were hawked about the streets in sacks upon men's backs.

Sugar.—It has been controverted, whether the sugar of the ancients resembled ours or not. Some have said that we owe the discovery to India. Joinville mentions the cultivation of the cane at Acre, so that it is probable the Arabians, as Arvieux contends, introduced it under the Caliphs. It was certainly supposed among the English to be brought from Barbary, before the trade to the West Indies was fully established. It was used in the fifteenth century in loaves, and such loaves were presented to great persons, from whom favour and protection were expected. This mention of loaves renders dubious Anderson's account, that the refining of it was first discovered by a Venetian in the sixteenth century.

Hatching Fish.—The Chinese fishermen collect with care, on the margin and surface of the water, all those gelatinous matters which contain the spawn of fish. After they have found a sufficient quantity, they fill with it the shell of a fresh hen-egg, which they have previously emptied, stop up the hole, and put it under a sitting fowl. At the expiration of a certain number of days, they break the shell in water warmed by the sun. The young fish are presently hatched, and are kept in pure fresh water till they are large enough to be thrown into the pond with the old fish. The sale of spawn for this purpose forms an important branch of trade in China. In this, as in some other matters, we may perhaps take some useful lessons from the Chinese. The destruction of the spawn of fish by troll-nets threatens, in many parts, the utter extinction of fisheries that were formerly very productive.

SCIENTIFIC NOTICES

FROM FOREIGN JOURNALS.

Mechanics.—A pair of scissors have been manufactured at Sheffield, contained

in the compass of less than one-fourth of an inch in length, of the best polished steel. The rivet is beautifully mounted with silver, and requires the aid of a microscope to discern, through which the workmanship appears perfect in every part, and no doubt has undergone every process which a full sized pair requires. When closed, the part as far as the bows will go with ease into the bore of a common tobacco-pipe; they are stitched very formally on a pattern-card, and altogether form a very great curiosity.

Incessant Incubation.—Last summer a turkey-cock, the property of Mr. Thomas Brand, of Pentlow, England, "took to sitting," and actually hatched no less than 58 head of poultry—namely, early in the spring he hatched five goslings; then he took a duck's nest, and hatched 11 ducklings; next ascending a skep which hung over his head, and driving away a hen which had sit therein a week, he hatched a fine brood of 13 chickens: again betaking himself to a nest wherein eggs were laid daily, and sitting closely for three weeks, he hatched, one and two in a day as the eggs had been laid, 20 more; and last of all, fixing himself again upon a duck's nest, he hatched nine more ducks. Thus ended the summer labours of this extraordinary turkey-cock, who is now strutting about the farm-yard, among his numerous tribes, with the authority which his unwearied and patient perseverance to bring them forth entitles him to exercise.

The Glow-worm.—Mr. John Murray, in a communication recently made to the Royal Society, on the luminous matter of the glow-worm, states some curious facts as the result of his own observations and experiments. He shows that this light is not connected with the respiration, nor derived from the solar light; that it is not affected by cold, nor by magnetism, nor by submersion in water. Trials of submersion in water, in various temperatures, and in oxygen, are detailed. When a glow-worm was immersed in carbonic acid gas, it died, shining brilliantly; in hydrogen, it continued to shine, and did not seem to suffer. Mr. Murray infers, that the luminousness is independent, not only of the respiration, but of the volition and vital principle. Some of the luminous matter obtained in a detached state, was also subjected to various experiments, from which it appears to be a gummo-albuminous substance, mixed with muriate of soda, and sulphate of alumine and potash, and to be composed of spherules. The light is considered to be permanent, its eclipses being caused by the interposition of an opaque medium.

The Ursa Maylayanus.—In a Zoological Memoir, communicated to the Linnæan Society, by Sir J. T. Raffles, is given an account of some animals in the Island of Sumatra, collected by that gentleman for the East India Company. The most popularly curious of these is the Ursa Maylayanus. This bear was caught young, and brought up in the nursery among the children. It appears to be a variety of the common bear of India. It was perfectly tame, and in its habits exceedingly playful. Sir J. T. Raffles mentions that it was also a brute of taste, which it displayed at the dinner-table, where it was a frequent visitor, by refusing to eat any fruit but Mango steens, or to drink any wine but Champagne; the only instance in which it was ever seen angry was, when there was none of the latter at the dessert. Bruin commonly messed in peace with a dog, a cat, and a lory. The dog was its favourite, and suffered to worry and tease it, without offence or resentment. The strength of the animal, when full grown, was nevertheless, very great; and it

could tear up by the roots, from the garden, a plantain tree, of such size as to be almost too large for its embrace.

LITERATURE.

If criticisms are wrong, they fall to the ground of themselves; if they are just, whatever can be said against them, does not defeat them. The critics never yet hurt a good work.
MARQUIS D'ARQUES.

THE DEFORMED TRANSFORMED:

A DRAMA. BY LORD BYRON.

Mr. Hunt has just published a drama, by Lord Byron, bearing the above somewhat whimsical title. There is a daring originality in the plan of it, and in the incidents there is much that is improbable, irrelevant, and eccentric. However, it abounds in pieces of fine poetry; there are to be found in it the outpourings of a mighty mind, and it bears the stamp and impress of the genius of its noble author. We hail this new expansion of our great poet's powers as it were in a second spring; and feel that, much as he has written, his genius has not been fostered into a luxuriance by which it has overrun its strength. Whilst Lord Byron writes such poetry as is to be found in the present production, his name, if we are not mistaken, has not "gathered all its fame," but will bloom afresh in a renewed and augmented reputation. Let him only continue to write thus: the Constitutional Association may institute idle and ostentatious prosecutions, and Mr. Adolphus may quote Milton to a common jury of Westminster; but neither the pious zeal of the Association, nor the assumed sublimity of their advocate, will be available to remove Lord Byron from that summit of poetic excellence to which his own genius and the conspiring opinions of the country have raised him. Amidst all his carelessness and eccentricity, the spontaneous soaring and conscious inspiration of the poet are forcibly discernible in the present poem. Whenever he shows a determination to be impressive, he shows also that he has the power of executing it. It cannot be said of Lord Byron's efforts to create effect, what Burns somewhere finely (but too modestly) says of his first aspirations, "that they were the blind gropings of Homer's cyclop round the walls of his cave." This is the prerogative of genius, which Nature bestows, but which Art cannot attain.

Lord Byron informs us, in a brief preface, that the present drama is "founded partly on the story of a novel, called *The Three Brothers*, from which Mr. G. Lewis's *Wood Demon* was also taken, and partly on the *Faust* of Goethe." The noble author adds, that the present work contains the two first parts only, and that the rest may perhaps appear hereafter. The title of *The Deformed Transformed* is so curious, that it requires, we think, explanation, before we proceed further. Our readers, then, must know, that Arnold, a dwarf, who is upbraided by his mother Bertha for his ugliness, is anxious to lay aside his deformity and assume a more personable form. In despair, however, of such a metamorphosis, he determines to destroy himself, and restore to earth such "a hateful compound of her atoms." The opening scene of the drama, which is written in a bold and vigorous strain of poetry, greatly assists in explaining the import of the title and plan of the poem. Some of the very stepmother-like speeches of Bertha are in Lord Byron's best style.

PART I. SCENE I.—A FOREST.

Enter Arnold and his mother Bertha.

Bertha. Out, hunchback!

Arnold. I was born so, mother!

Bertha. Out!

Thou Incubus! Thou Nightmare! Of seven sons

The sole abortion!

Arnold. Would that I had been so,

And never seen the light!

Bertha. I would so too!

But as thou hast—hence, hence—and do thy best
That back of thine may bear its burthen; 'tis
More high, if not so broad as that of others.

Arnold. It bears its burthen;—but my heart!
Will it

Sustain that which you lay upon it, mother?
I love, or at the least, I loved you; nothing,
Save you, in nature, can love ought like me.
You nursed me—do not kill me!

Bertha. Yes, I nursed thee,
Because thou wert my first-born, and I knew not
If there would be another unlike thee,
That monstrous sport of nature. But get hence,
And gather wood!

Arnold. I will: but when I bring it,
Speak to me kindly. Though my brothers are
So beautiful and lusty, and as free
As the free chase they follow, do not spurn me:
Our milk has been the same.

Bertha. As is the hedgehog's,
Which sucks at midnight from the wholesome dam
Of the young bull, until the milkmaid finds
The nipple next day sore and udder dry.
Call not thy brothers brethren! Call me not
Mother; for if I brought thee forth, it was
As foolish hens at times hatch vipers, by
Sitting upon strange eggs. Out, urchin, out!

[*Exit Bertha.*
A cloud comes from the fountain. Arnold stands
gazing upon it: it is dispelled, and a tall black
man comes towards him.]

The tall black man is the Spirit of Evil,
who appears as a friendly stranger to aid
Arnold in his misery and despair, and of-
fers to divest him of his deformity, and
clothe him in beauty. Arnold, of course,
consents. The Stranger then invokes
“the spirits of the mighty dead,” and
desires Arnold to select amongst them
whichever shape he may deem it most
eligible to assume. The following is the
incantation of the Stranger, in which
there is a lightness, buoyancy, and poetic
vigour, in every respect worthy the
genius of Lord Byron:

Shadows of beauty!
Shadows of power!
Rise to your duty—
This is the hour!
Walk lovely and pliant
From the depth of this fountain,
As the cloud-shapen giant
Bestrides the Hartz mountain.
Come as ye were,
That our eyes may behold
The model in air
Of the form I will mould,
Bright as the Iris
When ether is spanned;—
Such his desire is. [Pointing to Arnold].
Such my command!
Demons heroic—
Demons who wore
The form of the Stoic
Or Sophist of yore—
Or the shape of each victor,
From Macedon's boy
To each high Roman's picture,
Who breathed to destroy—
Shadows of beauty!
Shadows of power!
Up to your duty—
This is the hour!

[Various phantoms arise from the waters, and pass
in succession before the Stranger and Arnold.]

The spirits thus invoked “from the
vasty deep” obey the call. They arise
from the waters, and Cæsar, Alcibiades,
Socrates, M. Anthony, Demetrius Polior-
cetes, and others, are successively mar-
shaled in review before Arnold and the
Stranger. The idea of this convocation
is original and pleasing. The remarks
of the Demon and of Arnold upon them
as they pass are not characterized, how-
ever, by that Byronic fervour which we
should have expected such illustrious
names, and the classical recollections as-
sociated with them, to have kindled in
the breast of the noble author. Alcibi-
ades, whom Cornelius Nepos paints as the
Admirable Crichton of antiquity, is dis-
posed of in a few unimpressive sentences.
Socrates is more fairly dealt with, in two
terse and energetic lines. He is de-
scribed as—

“The Earth's perfection of all mental beauty,
And personification of all virtue.”

Demetrius Poliorcetes seems the fa-
vourite of these mighty names; and the
poet describes him in terms of eulogy be-
yond his more illustrious associates.
Arnold is inspired with the following sen-
timents of admiration, as his phantom
passes in review:—

Arnold. Who is this?
Who truly looketh like a demigod, [ture,
Blooming and bright, with golden hair, and sta-
fied not more high than mortal, yet immortal
In all that nameless bearing of his limbs, [thing
Which he wears as the Sun his rays—a some-
Which shines from him, and yet is but the flashing

Emanation of a thing more glorious still.
Was he e'er human only?

Achilles closes the procession; and of
his shape the ambitious Arnold makes
election. The demon thus comments on
his choice:—

Stranger. Glorious ambition!
I love thee most in dwarfs! A mortal of
Philistine stature would have gladly pared
His own Goliath down to a slight David:
But thou, my manikin, wouldst soar a show
Rather than hero. Thou shalt be indulged,
If such be thy desire; and yet, by being
A little less removed from present men
In figure, thou canst sway them more; for all
Would rise against thee now, as if to hunt
A new found mammoth; and their cursed engines,
Their culverins and so forth, would find way [case
Through our friend's armour there, with greater
Than the adulterer's arrow through his heel
Which Thetis had forgotten to baptize
In Styx.

The verses by which the transforma-
tion of Arnold takes place are of the same
light and sparkling beauty as those in
which the incantation is conveyed. We
unwillingly pass over these and some
other beautiful verses, in order to con-
tinue our outline of the narrative. Ar-
nold is accompanied on all occasions by
the Stranger. At his suggestion he takes
the title of Count, and joins the army of
constable Bourbon, then about to besiege
Rome. The Stranger assumes the title of
Cæsar, and afterwards enacts the Thyrs-
sites of Homer. The first part closes
with a preparation for the attack of
Rome—Bourbon is killed, and Arnold
leads the troops to the sacking of the
city. The battle is described with all the
characteristic fire, vigour, and rapidity
of the noble author. A skirmish takes
place between Arnold and Benvenuto
Cellini. St. Peter's is invaded;—the
Pope appears at the altar. The Cardi-
nals are somewhat disrespectfully intro-
duced into the scene. The new Cæsar's
remark upon them is—

“How the red shanks scamper!”

At the close of the fray, the incident
of a Roman lady, Olimpia Colonna, rush-
ing into the church to save herself from
the licentiousness of the soldiery, is intro-
duced. Arnold interposes for her pro-
tection, but she does not confide in his
assurances of assistance and safety: she
springs upon the altar, from which she
afterwards dashes herself in disdainful
indignation, and is borne out of the church
in a state of insensibility. This incident
closes the second part. The third com-
mences with a chorus of peasantry, which
breaks off abruptly. In this unfinished
state the poem ends, but Lord Byron has
in a manner pledged himself to its con-
tinuance. As a drama, it is more unfitted
for representation than any of his com-
positions which have assumed a dramatic
form: as a poem, it possesses beauties
almost equal to any of them. There is a
chorus in the opening of the second part,
of great beauty and sustained energy. It
reminds one of some of the most spirited
of the choruses of Euripides. We con-
clude our extracts and present notice
with one or two stanzas from it, which
we think full of that “strong divinity of
soul” which characterises the inspirations
of a great poet:—

Chorus of Spirits in the air.

'Tis the morn, but dim and dark.
Whither flies the silent lark?
Whither shrinks the clouded sun?
Is the day indeed begun?
Nature's eye is melancholy
O'er the city high and holy:
But without there is a din
Should arouse the Saints within,
And revive the heroic ashes
Round which yellow Tiber dashes.
Oh ye seven hills! awaken,
Ere your very base be shaken!

Harken to the steady tramp!
Mars is in their every tramp!
Not a step is out of tune,
As the tides obey the moon!
On they march, though to self-slaughter,
Regular as rolling water,
Whose high waves o'ersweep the border
Of huge moles, but keep their order,
Breaking only rank by rank.
Harken to the armour's clank!
Look down o'er each frowning warrior,
How he glares upon the barrier:

Look on each step of each ladder,
As the stripes that streak an adder.

Onward sweep the varied nations!
Famine long hath dealt their rations.
To the wall, with hate and hunger,
Numerous as wolves, and stronger,
On they sweep. Oh! glorious city,
Must thou be a theme for pity!
Fight, like your first sire, each Roman!
Alaric was a gentle foeman,
Matched with Bourbon's black banditti!
Rouse thee, thou eternal city!
Rouse thee! Rather give the torch
With thy own hand to thy porch,
Than behold such hosts pollute
Your worst dwelling with their foot.

MISCELLANEOUS.

House of Refuge.—We are glad to find
that the philanthropic project of establish-
ing a House of Refuge in this city, for
the reformation of juvenile culprits, has
already met with so much countenance
from the public, as to warrant a belief
that it will soon be carried into full ef-
fect. The great number of young thieves
that swarm in our streets, has long been
the cause of complaint; and the repeated
instances of their being brought before
the police, affords a melancholy proof
that the evil is on the increase: And how
can it be otherwise when we find those
very boys, who, after spending a month
or two in Bridewell, thrown loose on So-
ciety, and, perhaps, greater adepts than
ever, to renew their depredations? Never
having been taught any business,
by which they might obtain a subsistence,
thieving becomes to them a work of ne-
cessity, unless some method is adapted
to give their youthful minds a proper
direction. It is the object of the present
Society to accomplish this, by teaching
such boys as come under their charge,
habits of industry; thus enabling them
not only to redeem their characters, but,
by pursuing some honest calling, avoid
the heavy penalties which seldom fail to
overtake a career of guilt. We know
of no institution more deserving of the
patronage of the community than this.

Plants.—The following is an improved
method of drying plants for an *Hortus
Siccus*: It is simply by putting them be-
tween boards, covered with woollen
cloth; by this method they dry much
quicker, and preserve their colour bet-
ter, than between paper. Twenty-four
hours are sufficient for a plant of a dry
nature, but longer for succulent ones,
before they are put into a book. Plants
may be completely protected from the
depredations of insects, by washing them
with the solution of bitter aloes, and the
use of this wash does not appear to affect
the health of the plants in the slightest
degree; and, wherever the solution has
been used, insects have not been ob-
served to attack the plants again.

EDITORIAL NOTICES.

NEW SERIES OF THE MINERVA.

A wish having been frequently expressed by
our Subscribers, that we should alter the form
of our journal from quarto to octavo, being a
more convenient size, we have resolved to
meet their views on the 10th of April next, the
day on which the 1st number of Vol. III.
makes its appearance. A NEW SERIES of the
MINERVA will then commence, and continue
to be published in strict conformity with our
original plan of arrangement. Each number
will contain 16 pages octavo, making two

handsome volumes in the year, for which title
pages and tables of contents will be prepared.
The paper will be of a superior quality, and
the work printed on a new and handsome
type.

As the MINERVA is intended for the library,
a limited number of copies will be printed,
so that no subscription can in future be receiv-
ed for a less period than a year; and this early
notice is given that our present patrons, and
those intending to become so, may regulate
themselves accordingly. It may also be stat-
ed, that arrears are expected to be discharged
before the close of the present volume, and
the original terms of payment, in advance,
complied with by all who wish to be continued
on our list of Subscribers. As there will be no
agents in the country for the MINERVA after
the close of the present volume, subscribers
are requested to make remittance (post paid,) to the publishers, Bliss and White, New-York.

No. 52 Vol. II. of the MINERVA will contain
the following articles:

POPULAR TALES.—*Optimus and Pessimus.
Anecdote of Augustus I. of Poland.*

THE TRAVELLER.—*New-year's Day in Pa-
ris. Funeral Ceremonies in Guinea.*

THE DRAMA.—*Paris Theatres. Anecdote of
Colley Cibber's Daughter.*

BIOGRAPHY.—*Memoirs of John Meursius.*

ARTS AND SCIENCES.—*On Artificial Foun-
tains obtained by Boring the Earth. Curiosities
for the Ingenious. Scientific Notices from
Foreign Journals.*

LITERATURE.—*Chinese Literature.*

CORRESPONDENCE.—*Physiognomy.*

POETRY.—*To a Lady on her Birth Day; by
D. Henderson.*

GLEASER, RECORD, ENIGMAS, CHRONO-
LOGY.

THE RECORD.

—A thing of Shreds and Patches.

A petition has been presented to the legisla-
ture of this state, by a number of respectable
and wealthy citizens, for the purpose of obtain-
ing an act of incorporation, authorizing them
to supply the city generally with pure fresh
water, through clear cast-iron pipes.

The State Horticulture Society of this city
are making arrangements for the establishment
of a Horticultural and Botanic Garden, with its
necessary adjuncts, a Library and Cabinet.

Mr. Joseph Harmer of Richmond, is stated
to have invented a machine on philosophical
principles, by which all different articles of
food, requiring culinary preparations, may be
rapidly, almost instantaneously prepared in the
course of a minute or two, at scarcely a cent
of expense.

A patent has been taken out by Mr. Sam-
Brown, for his invention of an engine for pro-
ducing power, by which water may be raised,
machines worked, and vessels propelled with-
out the aid of steam.

Of twenty patents recently granted in Eng-
land, the principal among them are those
granted to Mr. Perkins, for his improvements
in the steam engine; to William Church, for
the construction, by means of types, blocks or
plates, combined together, of cylinders, for
printing, in different colours, calicoes, silks,
and other fabrics; and for a method of drying
the print, by tubes filled with steam or hot air,
between the application of the different co-
lours.

MARRIED.

Doctor Charles Wright Townsend to Miss
Anna Willets Prince.
Mr. Isaac Brewster to Miss Maria B. Cobb.
Mr. James V. Seaman to Miss Maria B. Wright.
Mr. John Leonard to Miss Martha Adair.
Mr. P. Carrol to Miss Rosanna Sageron.
Mr. Frederick H. Hederick to Miss Maria
Eliza Choler.
Mr. Philip Ver Planck to Augusta Maria De
Vaux.
Mr. Abraham Miller to Miss Gitty Eliza Hall.

DIED.

Mr. John de Revere, aged 64 years.
Mrs. Sarah Bartholf, aged 68 years.
Mr. George Knox, aged 66 years.
Mr. Robert Dwyre, aged 54 years.
Miss Mary Warner, aged 20 years.
Mrs. Adra Poillon, aged 43 years.
Mr. Samuel Adams, aged 33 years.
Don Antonio Pastor.

POETRY.

"The gift of POETRY to hallow every place in which it moves; to breathe round nature an odour more exquisite than the perfume of the rose, and to shed over it a tint more magical than the blush of morning."

For the Minerva.

THE CRUSADE.

By J. R. Sutermeister.

Go forth unto the fight,
For the infidel in wrath,
Hath put forth his arm of might
To oppose the Christian's path.
Count the dead—the time is nigh
When the Saracen must flee;
Say the mass and bear on high
The red cross of victory.
Let the infant bear the sword,
Which his dying father bore,
When the thunders of the Lord
Broke o'er sounding sea and shore;
Let the aged press again,
Where the sabres gleam on high,
And lift proudly on the plain
The red cross of victory.
Knights, Templars, on your thighs
Gird the bright and conqu'ring sword!
And let shouts and prayer arise
While ye battle for the Lord;
For the gleaming cimeter
Now is glancing in the sky;
Plant in earth—wave, wave afar
The red cross of victory!
Let the Christian's armour gleam,
Like the lightning's flash on high,
When the sun denies his beam
To illumine the shrouded sky.
Press again, press forth in might,
Then the Ottoman shall flee,
And the conqu'ring eagle light
On the cross of victory.

For the Minerva.

TO THE FADED ROSE.

By the same.

Thou fading and autumnal rose,
The last upon the blighted stem,
The bleak wind o'er thy bosom blows—
It chants thy lonely requiem!
Brief was thy reign—thy bloom hath gone,
And thou must die ere beams the morrow:
Thy fate is sad, thou lovely one,
Brought forth in joy, to die in sorrow!
Thou withered spray! I saw thee when
The west wind kissed thy blooming flowers;
The summer's sun danced in the glen
And lighted up the joyous bowers;
The jocund birds were there to shed,
Far on the air their notes of gladness.
Now thou art sear, the birds have fled
And that bright sun hath set in sadness!
Thus early love, ecstatic love,
Blooms upon man's delighted heart;
The heaven of joy is bright above,
Its cheering gladness to impart;
The birds, the birds of hope are there
And on the ear their notes are given;
Glad is the strain—it thrills on air
Like the blest melody of heaven!
Look once again—the joyous sun
Hath set behind the golden sky;
The birds we loved to look upon,
Have ceased their warbled melody;
The rose of love on earth is strown,
To blossom on the bosom never;
And o'er lost hope and rapture flown,
The heart must pour its dirge for ever!

For the Minerva.

TO LOVE, WHAT IS IT?

"Why throw a net around the bird
That might be happy, light, and free?"—Song.
Were lovers' dreams realities,
In glory and in blessedness,
How like would earth be to the skies,
And that bright world how like to this.
Did those fair beings whom we love,
And look upon as half divine,
Bear semblance to those forms above,
Which there kneel at love's holy shrine,
Not heaven itself would have a charm,
Were all its ecstasies unfurled,

While earth had hearts so pure and warm,
To wean us from this lower world.
How'er exelling were the bliss
Which might be there revealed to him,
Young Love would wear 'twere not like this,
And that heaven's light to earth's were dim.

While he could range in woman's bower,
And quaff its warmest ecstasies,
And drink the fragrance of each flower,
He would not ask then for the skies:
But love had e'er its syren songs,
That ladies love and sigh to hear;
And lovers e'er had lying tongues
To win their too believing ear;

For there is guile in woman's breast,
And there is falsehood on her lip,
And he that on them seeks to rest,
Shall with the sweet the poison sip.
And what are women but spring flowers,
As radiant and as frail as they,
That weave but for man's morning hours
A spell which with them dies away?

To love, what is it but to give
Our young and golden joys away,
For raptures which on blushes live,
And with those blushes die for aye?
What but to dream of paradise,
And wake upon the treacherous wave,
That well might raise us to the skies,
But buries us within its grave?

What is it but to fix the heart
On one too vile to know its worth;
And who would sooner burst apart
Its chords, than swell its song of mirth?
To drink the ray of woman's eyes,
Who, though her faith be pledged to one,
Will worship all that's in the skies,
And swear to all beneath the sun?

To love, what is it but to sigh
Over the magic of a form
As soft as summer's moonlit sky,
But ah! that is not half as warm?
To dream we have what is not ours,
The undivided heart of one,
And find, at last, in all love's bowers
Not one rose blooms for us alone?

MARION.

For the Minerva.

We have studied Woman's heart,
We have gazed in her smile,
We have hurt her bosom apart,
For we found her vain and vile.—FLOREN.

TO FLORIO.

"Good name in man, and woman, dear, my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls:
He that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed."

I listen'd, for methought the strain,
Was sweet as angel's minstrelsy;
An earthly hand had sought in vain
To wake such high-wrought ecstasy.

Again I listen'd,—oh, how chang'd!
The lyre seem'd swept by Discord's hand;
Some envious spirit had estrang'd
A soul of fire from Love's command.

Oh! could not Cora's mem'ry save
Her sex from such a charge as this?
Hast thou enclos'd within her grave
Remembrance of thy former bliss?

Look round thee—rouse thy slumbering heart,
And say did truth's bright form expire,
When Death had hurled the cruel dart,
Which blighted thy young soul's desire?

Oh no!—kind hearts are near thee still,
Whose love, and truth, affection claim;
And beaming eyes with rapture fill,
To see a son's—a brother's fame.

Like morning flowers that with'ring fall
By chilling blast, or scorching ray,
Fair reputation, Woman's all,
From slander's poison shrinks away.

Then oh! for Cora's sake retract
Th' ungenerous charge thy pen has traced;
Profane not by one thoughtless act,
The lofty summit thou hast reach'd.—AGNES.

THE WOMEN OF DENMARK.

Translated from the Danish by William S. Walker.

Brethren! join the social measure,
Sing our sister Danes below'd,
While round each eye bedimm'd with pleasure,
Swims the form in youth approv'd,

And tell me not that cold to beauty,
Ye feel not yet her thrilling eye;
The heart that's fit for friendship's duty
Is fit for gentle woman's tie.

Hence away, the man who wringeth
The one soft heart on him bestow'd;
Who, when love's fragrance flingeth,
Turns to thorns the flowery road!
And hence the man whose faith is broken,
Who loves not her he loved of old,
Who coldly scorns affection's token;
Oh he will prove a friend as cold!

Glory to her, the wife who traces
Firm through sorrow's rocky soil,
Him who shared her first embraces,
Side by side, nor fawns with toil!
The silent tear that darkly glances,
She kisses from him ere it fall,
She shares each smile, each sweet enhances,
His friend, his counsellor, his all.

Heaven's own blessing rest upon her,
The nymph who wins without a wile;
She who turns a youth to honour,
By the magic of her smile!
Oh! many a boy hath found in beauty
His guardian power, his spirit's aid;
How can he hate the paths of duty,
Who loves them in his dearest maid?

Joy to him, the lov'd, the loving,
To the lover and the friend!
May they win their heart's approving,
Who now in vain before her bend.
May he who scorns the fair's dominion,
Soon sue to wear her gentle chains;
And Heaven's own love, with fostering pinion,
Watch ever o'er our sister Danes!

SONG.

There is a Love that lasts awhile,
A one-day's flower,—no more!
Opens in the sunshine of a smile,
And shuts when clouds come o'er.

There is a Love that ever lasts,
A shrub that's always green;
It flowers amid the bitter blasts,
And decks a wintry scene.

A cheek, an eye, a well-turn'd foot,
May give the first its birth;
The floweret has but little root,
And asks but little earth.

No scanty soil true Love must find,
Its vigour to control;
It plants itself upon the mind,
And strikes into the soul.

Epigram.

The Impossibility.

Who seek to please all men each way,
And not himself offend;
He must begin his work to day,
But God knows when he'll end!

ENIGMAS.

"And justly the wise man thus preach'd to us all,
Despise not the value of things that are small."

Answers to Puzzles in our last.

PUZZLE I.—M u m.

A nan a.

D ee d.

A nn a.

M ini m.

PUZZLE II.—A chimney sweep or climbing boy.

NEW PUZZLES.

I.
What's better than the blissful heav'n above?
What's dearer than the charming girl you love?
What would induce a bishop to forsake
His mitre, and himself a curate make?
What noble youths at school and college do;
What's often done, my friend, by me and you;
What children cry for, but cannot attain;
What makes the old man sad, the young man vain:
What should dissolve the tender marriage tie?
What only is allow'd with you to vie?
What's often talk'd of, but we never view.

II.
My first's an inquiry that's humble;
My second's a mandate that's strong;
As I trust on my charade you'll stumble,
It shall not be prolix, or long.

A COMPLETE AMERICAN
CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE.

- After Christ
1813 Burlington (Vt.) cannonaded by the Champlain British squadron, which soon retires, on the forts resisting the attack, August 2. 1300 British and Indians, commanded by general Proctor, defeated in their attack on Fort Stevenson (Lower Sandusky), with great loss, by major Croghan and 160 Americans, August 2.
H. B. M. schooner Dominica, of 14 guns, captain G. W. Banette, captured by boarding, by the private armed schooner Decatur, of 6 guns, captain Dominique Diron, after an action of one hour, in which the Dominica had 13 killed and 47 wounded, and the Decatur 3 killed and 16 wounded, August 5.
Kent Island, in the Chesapeake, possessed by the British, August 6.
The United States schooners Scourge and Hamilton foundered in a gale on Lake Ontario, and all on board perished, August 9.
The United States schooners Julia and Growler, part of the Lake Ontario squadron, cut off and captured by the British, August 10.
The British repulsed in their attack on St. Michaels (Md.), August 10.
Queenstown (Md.) possessed by the British, August 14.
The United States brig Argus, of 18 guns, captain Wm. H. Allen, captured by H. B. M. sloop of war Pelican, of 18 guns, captain Maples, after an action of 47 minutes, in which the Argus had 6 killed and 17 wounded (the commander mortally), and the Pelican 2 killed and 3 wounded, August 14.
Battle of Antonio, in Mexico, between the Royal and Patriot Spanish armies, the former consisting of 3000, and the latter of 1100 men, which terminated after 4 hours fighting in a loss to the Royalists of 756 killed, and the total rout and dispersion of the Patriots, August 18.
Kent Island evacuated by the British, August 22.
The Creek Indians commence hostilities against the United States by attacking Mims' Fort at Jaensa on the river Mobile, which having captured, after a spirited resistance by the garrison, all its inhabitants, amounting to near 400 men, women and children, suffered under the tomahawk, August 30.
H. B. M. brig Boxer, of 14 guns, lieutenant Blythe, captured by the United States brig Enterprise, of 14 guns, lieutenant Burrows, after an action of 45 minutes, in which, both the commanders fell; the Boxer had 40 killed and 17 wounded, and the Enterprise 2 killed and 12 wounded, September 5.
Battle of Lake Erie, between the British squadron commanded by captain Barclay, and the United States by captain Perry, which after an action of 3 hours and a half, terminated in the capture of the whole of the British force; the British had 41 killed and 94 wounded; the Americans 27 killed and 96 wounded, September 10.
Rencontre between the Ontario squadrons, in which, after a running fight of 6 hours, sir James L. Yeo, escaped by superior sailing, and sheltered himself in St. Peter's Bay, September 11.
The remains of captain Lawrence and lieutenant Ludlow of the Chesapeake frigate, having been brought from Halifax to Salem, and after receiving funeral honours at both places, are finally interred in the city of New-York with splendid solemnity, September 16.
H. B. M. schooner Highflyer, of 5 guns, lieutenant Hutchinson, captured by the United States frigate President, captain Rodgers, September 23.
Malden (U. C.) evacuated by the British, and the fort destroyed on the approach of the Americans under general Harrison, September 27.
Detroit evacuated by the British after destroying the fort, &c. September 28.
Second rencontre between the Ontario squadrons, when after a running fight of 3 hours, the British retreat to Burlington Bay, September 28.
5 schooners, a sloop and a gun boat, part of the British Ontario squadron, fallen in with by commodore Chauncey, of which the 5 first were captured with 308 prisoners, and the latter destroyed, October 2.
Battle of Moravian Town (U. C.), in which the Americans under general Harrison, defeated the British and Indians under general Proctor, and made 601 men (nearly their whole force) prisoners. The British had 12 regulars and 33 Indians killed, and 22 regulars wounded. The Americans 7 killed and 22 wounded, October 5.

EDITED BY

GEORGE HOUSTON AND JAMES G. BROOKS,

And published every Saturday

BY E. BLISS AND E. WHITE,

128 Broadway, New-York,

Four Dollars per annum, payable in advance. No subscription can be received for less than a year; and all communications (post-paid) to be addressed to the publishers.

J. BAYMOR, printer, 49 John-street.